



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 12. No. 10. 1st December, 1939.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE



# AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

## **RANDWICK RACECOURSE**

Summer Meeting, 1939

•

**First Day**

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23**

Principal Event, THE VILLIERS STAKES

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**Second Day**

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26**

Principal Event, THE SUMMER CUP

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## **WARWICK FARM RACES**

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

•

**SATURDAY, JANUARY 13**

ALL RACES DESCRIBED in RUNNING through AMPLIFIERS





TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club*  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney

Vol 12.

DECEMBER 1, 1939.

No. 10.

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S. E. CHATTERTON



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 30th December, 1939, and Monday, 1st January, 1940.



# The Club Man's Diary

December Birthdays: Mr. F. Z. Eager, 7th; Mr. E. A. S. Watt, 8th; Mr. W. Gourley, 12th; Mr. G. S. Appelgate, 18th; Mr. E. W. King, 20th; Mr. C. Callaghan, 21st; Mr. A. C. W. Hill, 25th; Mr. M. Gearin, 28th; Mr. C. S. Brice, 30th.

Gentlemen, your fellow members wish you the best, pledging the toast of Friendship.

*An old greeting, but ever new—  
Good health, good luck, and a toast  
to you:*

*Though your days be many, or,  
maybe, few,*

*What else may fail you, what else  
you rue,*

*Count us among the tried and the  
true.*

\* \* \*

I was a little too young to carry away a vivid impression of the great Welsh threequarter, Gwynn Nicholls, although I saw him play as a member of the 1899 British team led by Rev. Mullineux. Whether Nicholls or our Dally Messenger was the greater, which is to say the greatest footballer of the very many great ones of my recollection, has bothered me often. Some years ago, Mr. Jack Davis, writing in the "Referee", declared for the Welshman.

That view was supported by Mr. Frank L. ("Banger") Row, an old international threequarter, in the course of conversation recently in the club. Admitting the genius of Messenger, Mr. Row nevertheless labelled Nicholls "the greatest of my time and probably of all time." Mr. Row added: "Gwynn was a pastmaster in every department. He hadn't a weakness. And, as a sportsman, he was outstanding."

Well, we'll place 'em: Nicholls, 1; Messenger, 2. Now, who third? My choice, W. J. Wallace. And that's confessing that I do not recall Abbott.

\* \* \*

During November we lost three good friends by death—Mr. Pearson Crossley, Mr. T. Longworth and Mr. Edward Joseph Falvey. We extend our sincere condolences to their families and their relatives.

True to Tradition.

*Tattersall's Club Does Its Bit on  
Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War  
Fund Appeal Day, 1/12/'39.*

True to its tradition of patriotic service, Tattersall's Club participated in the Lord Mayor's Appeal Day by conducting a stall in Martin Place and by selling badges and tickets.



Looking back on the Club's contribution to the Day, the very first thought is one of thanks to those who provided the great and varied collection of goods by gift, and of appreciation to the willing, tireless army of workers — particularly the ladies. There is one word to describe them and what they did — wonderful. Our men also came out of it nobly, and the result, generally, speaks for itself. But, as the men acknowledged: "We must hand it to the ladies."

They were up against tremendous difficulties owing to the congestion, and, while they, in their enthusiasm, may have wished to do better, the total represents a grand achievement.

Gross receipts for the day were:

Stall .....	£597	7	9
Buttons .....	88	13	0
Competition .....	140	0	0
Total .....	£826	0	9

*Voluntary Helpers.*

Mesdames L. R. Adams, H. C. Bartley, R. A. Berry, G. Chiene, F.

Gately, J. Hickey, E. Marlow, J. H. O'Dea, Fred. Paul, J. A. Roles, L. Rowe, Sim. Rubensohn, P. Schwarz, W. J. Smith, E. Vandenberg; Misses M. Codey, M. Durack, D. Hickey, E. Hill, N. Hill, L. Moore; The Atlantic Girls: Misses Yvonne Kidston, Pat Paterson, M. Fowler-Smith and Marcia Collins added a picturesque note in their special uniforms. Messrs. M. Barnett, H. C. Bartley, R. A. Berry, L. Bloom, C. S. Brice, J. Burrell, G. Chiene, F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, Henry Gregory, C. E. Hall, J. Harris, L. R. Harrison, J. Hickey, L. H. Howarth, P. T. Kavanagh, A. Langley, W. A. McDonald, W. H. McLachlan, L. Maidment, J. A. Roles, W. W. Ryan, C. Salon,



J. A. Shaw, F. Shepherd, A. Sluice, J. V. Thornton, W. Lappin, M. McCarten, D. Munro, and members of the Club staff.

\* \* \*

First time I was introduced to Harald Baker in the years gone by, he was sitting behind a classic-looking horse, and I remembered later, somewhat abashedly, that I might have taken more notice of the horse. Mentioning the fact to a mutual friend, he reassured me: "Don't worry, Harald would have felt complimented by that." The incident came back to mind when I read in the "Sydney Morning Herald" in a report of the Sydney Horse Show:

"Another excellent animal was Sutton, owned and shown by Mr. Harald Baker—himself a 12th Light Horseman. Though now rising 20, Sutton is still a force to be reckoned with. His owner is not exactly a featherweight, but the old horse cantered jauntily about the ring as though he had comparatively nothing on his back and a few minutes later was proudly stepping out between the shafts of a buggy with a Blue ribbon on his neck. His grand total of ribbons was increased by five during the day. He is another of the good old type, one of the hardy cut-and-come-again kind that go on until they drop."

And Harald should feel complimented about that, too!

\* \* \*

Now the festive season's approaching, yarns like this are told: Wifey: I heard a noise when you came in last night.

Hubby: Perhaps it was night falling?

Wifey: Or the day breaking?

\* \* \*

Mr. George Wilson, M.L.A. for Dubbo, predicted, on returning recently from a world tour, that Russia, desperately in need of machinery, would eventually turn to Britain and the U.S.A. for her needs. Mr. Wilson studied the Soviet economic position in Russia and discussed international affairs with Soviet officials.

## MESSAGE TO MEMBERS

•

Were we to wish you the season's compliments, couched in the customary terms of "merry" and "happy," world conditions would shout back their contradictions and belie our sentiment. It's sad, but it's so.

So far removed as we are from the scene of actual conflict, composed as we may be albeit air-raid chances, this stark fact remains: We are at war, as a partner of Britain, as an ally of France. Our seasonable wishes, therefore, should be translated into terms of service.

None, eventually, will be in a position to evade the obligation to serve in some form or other. We will be all the better for that; all of us. Those not enrolled in the forces for home defence or service abroad, will find ample opportunity to be up and doing. There was the example of this Club's contribution to the day organised for the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund.

As time goes on there will be greater needs also to face up morally to the crisis as it develops at home. The home effort will depend in great measure on what you are prepared to put into it. Industry must be kept going. Don't quit; don't horde. Business is money kept circulating. Spending begets employment and still more spending.

Now you may say: "What the heck has all that to do with a Christmas message?" Everything to do. Simply, we have not employed the abstract terms of "merry" and "happy" as applied to Christmas and the New Year. This season, because of the unfavourable conditions of the world, we show you how, through service, to regain all that is cherished in association with Christmas and New Year, with the fond hope that the good wishes we offer, the goodwill we bear you, will come speedily through our war aims, which are actually our peace aims—life liberated from the menace of oppression.

Christmas is the one day of the year on which those of us who don't believe in Santa Claus look back regretfully to the days when we did. We thought, absurdly, that we were pretty smart when we learned that there was no Santa Claus. On that day we had grown up. We had become sophisticates, not realising that to reach sophistication we had to cross a toll bridge that asked us to expel faith from our hearts and substitute scepticism. It seemed a good swap at the time, scepticism for faith, but the years teach you that the toll gate keeper drove a sharp bargain, and the world has been paying off ever since.

Under the spell of holidays, memory goes plunging back, racing desperately against time to reach the scenes of childhood, before "25" slides from the calendar. Again we are kids, listening through locked doors to the rustle of paper from the parlour and wondering if St. Nicholas already is at work. Again we are straining to hear the tinkle of sleigh-bells in the sky, to hear a genial voice calling out to a team of reindeer galloping down a beam of moonlight.

Year after year—my imagination coloured by the volumes imported from overseas illustrating the old world conception of Father Christmas—I tried to stay awake, but not even fierce curiosity was a match for drowsiness—and I never heard the sleighbells or saw the reindeer silhouetted against the moon.

There are 8,760 hours to a year. It is tragic that only 24 hours can be spared for Christmas. Perhaps December 24 and December 26, the next-door neighbours of December 25 on the calendar, could be persuaded to yield their identity or agree to a merger. As it is, one is only a foyer to Christmas and the other an exit from it, so they have no great prestige to maintain.

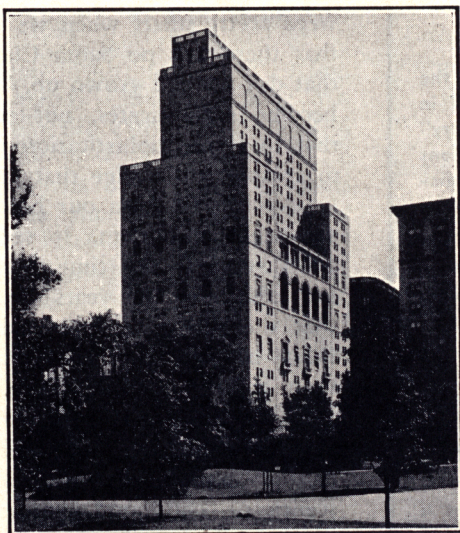
\* \* \*

Why is it that when a man reaches the top so many comment: "I knew him when . . .," instead of: "I knew he would"?

(Continued on Page 5.)



# NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

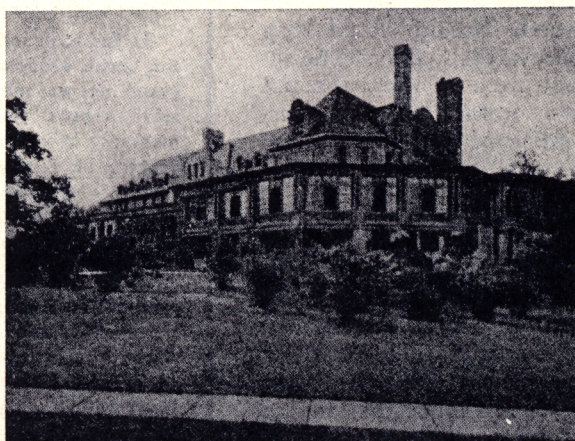


Ladies are admitted to the restaurant, only, at the Club House in New York any evening after 6 p.m. and Sundays after 1 p.m.; and to all Privileges, except bedrooms, at the Country Club House at Pelham Manor at any time.

The New York Athletic Club extends a special invitation to the members of TATTERSALL'S CLUB to avail themselves of the facilities of the Club Houses in the City of New York and Pelham Manor.

Rooms, for male guests only, from \$2.50 to \$5 per day. Reservations should be made in advance.

Secure a letter of introduction from the Club before leaving Australia.



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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

### Other Lands—and Ours.

"The Australian is the most fortunate individual in the world. That's no patriotic platitude. I've been around during a five months' tour in England, Ireland, America. While I chose a bad time to go pleasure-tripping, and saw countries abroad at their jittery worst, I am still certain that this Australia of ours is the land of opportunity," said Mr. Dan Casey in the course of an interview.

"I found Hollywood far from the artificial place some would have you believe. Nothing was forgotten—even the President of Universal Pictures, Mr. Nate Blumberg, attaching his good wishes to a Kelvinator full of some of the finest Bourbon and Scotch I have had the pleasure of tasting. That was my initial experience of the American people first-hand, and with subsequent courtesies, it convinced me that, as a whole, they are 'grand guys' (an Americanism by way of return for references to me as 'the bloke from Australia').

The man in the street throughout the U.S.A. is pro-Ally in his sympathies. Everywhere I heard fine expressions regarding England's halt to Hitler. Californians—in particular those of Hollywood and Los Angeles—feel that their temperament and that of Australians is much the same. They admire our free-and-easy methods, our enterprise and our fame in sport.

In the studios and elsewhere I was bombarded with questions relative to every aspect of local life, from climate to surf beaches. The stars themselves were the most interested. People such as Deanna Durbin, Marlene Dietrich, Jimmy Stewart, Basil Rathbone all sat down for long talks when they opened up regarding Australia. I was met with a bit of real outback right at the portals of Universal's studios. Symbolizing pillars of welcome, stand two towering iron-bark gum trees reaching high to the heavens and a great sight for a local lad.

Next to New York—wonderful New York, city of streamlined

speed and skyscrapers. It is Sydney on a larger scale. At the World's Fair Australia's exhibit was not the impressive effort that I imagined it would be. The Fair itself was prodigious; grand showmanship and spectacular presentation.

Now, a few words about London. How do the English people react?



Mr. Dan Casey

There is no terror; each person goes to safety methodically and with the minimum of excitement. There is complete confidence in the leaders—military and political.

Ireland is a country of great charm, and one of the mementoes of which I am most proud is a shillelagh, the strong factor in an Irish argument, with which I was presented by friends in Dublin. The Horse Show of Dublin sees the greatest line-up of horse-flesh in any portion of the world. I saw the big equine parade at Limerick, to marvel at the greatness of the horses and the colour and wealth of those whose attendance made the show. World buyers attend, and some of the fancy prices paid for aristocrats would turn the Inglis folk green with envy.

I remember accepting an invitation to go through the famous Guinness' Brewery, and that's all—boy, that stout's potent straight from the wood!

Europe was on my itinerary, but Hitler stopped that, and his activities so disorganised shipping that it was impossible to get a berth via any line outwards. As I was just about reconciled to a long stay in England, a lucky break saw an American cancel his passage on the Aquitania and the chance came for me to secure the passage.

Sailing on a British liner meant running the gauntlet of the German craft in the Atlantic—and what care was taken! We were on board five days before our liner was freed to slip away in the grey of early dawn carrying a shipload of homing Americans, refugees and varied internationals through the danger zone. We were all on our toes, notably when the ship changed her course suddenly, and headed for the terrifically cold regions of the north, but Captain Gibbons and his men inspired confidence and maintained the ship's morale by urging that all shipboard routine go forward as if there were no danger.

Heroes of the commercial shipping lines, those guardians of so many lives did a herculean job. Not an officer left the bridge throughout the journey, and all took their meals on their job, forever prepared to pit their navigation wits against enemy attacks. It may be said that even the most optimistic of the travellers cheered for joy when the open arms of Miss Liberty hove into sight at the end of the voyage.

Back in America to find another round of hospitality on offer, but Australia was then my goal and no time was lost in obtaining a berth upon a homing Matson liner.

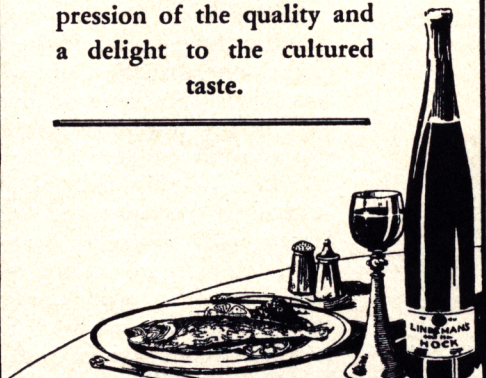
A few more sentences are necessary to record matters of importance. Firstly, next time you take a dip in our own Tattersall's Club Pool, have pleasure in the realization that it is the finest indoor swimming area in the whole world. I'll make one exception and that's the one at the Hotel Shelton in New York; its bigger but not better; and as for the rest, well, they do not stand comparison.

I regret that I failed to meet Stan Chatterton in London. He was there at the same time, but it was a difficult matter to locate friends,

(Continued on Page 20.)



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# RURAL MEMBERS

*Mr. J. McKinney, of Nangus.*

Whenever the subject of discussion is wool, one can wager with safety that two names will crop up—Joe McKinney and Nangus Station.

The proprietor of Nangus, which is one of the richest properties in the renowned Murrumbidgee Valley, started his career on Kooba Station, near Whitton, where his ability and acumen soon became evident, and, through the years the name of McKinney has meant just another way of spelling integrity in the eyes of the fraternity.

Removing his interests to Nangus, there followed an intense building-up of the Romney Marsh strain which, year after year, is eagerly sought by Victorian buyers who have long since realised that the price they are called upon to pay still leaves a profitable margin.

Having borne the heat and burden of the day when the going was at its hardest, Joe now leaves much of the detail work to a managing partner, and is thus able to give members the pleasure of more of his company, in keeping with their desires.

Hale and hearty, and enjoying his life to the full, residents of Gundagai and thereabouts aver that if "J. Mc." ever takes it into his head to stand for Parliament he will top the poll—a tribute to his popularity, as well as recognition from the tural industry in which he has ever been an ornament.

*Mr. A. J. Campbell, of Rockgildgil.*

A. J. ("Jim") Campbell, of Rockgildgil, in the Quirindi district, is one of the bright-lights in whatever sphere he may be found at any given moment.

One of our best known pastoralists, Jim at one time owned the famous Eenaweena property, in the Warren area, where he built a great name for himself and his products.

These days Rockgildgil and Bunnella Park, which adjoin, occupy close attention, as would be expected where over twenty thousand jumbucks of quality disport themselves year in and year out.

The Campbell clan, so history tells, was one of the pioneer squatting families of N.S.W. that placed Australia's export trade on solid

basis by persevering with the right stock to produce much-sought-after fleeces.

Exceptionally keen from the business angle, Jim has oft been referred to as "the answer to the salesman's prayer"—he is always ready to make a deal provided quality is offered. When not engaged among the woolies, our member does his share, and much more, to enliven proceedings at Picnic Race meetings where, at times, his own "picknickers" have responded sufficiently to the entreaties of the jockey on top.

There is another phase to his career for which he is famed. He probably has no superior in the State with a gun at the shoulder. Once the weapon is placed horizontally, the prey immediately qualifies for exhibit No. 1 in the taxidermist's museum.

Whatever he does he does well and, maybe, next year he will forward a surprise entry for our annual billiards and snooker tournaments, and, just as likely, carry off the prizes. There will be much cheering if the suggestion resolves into fact.

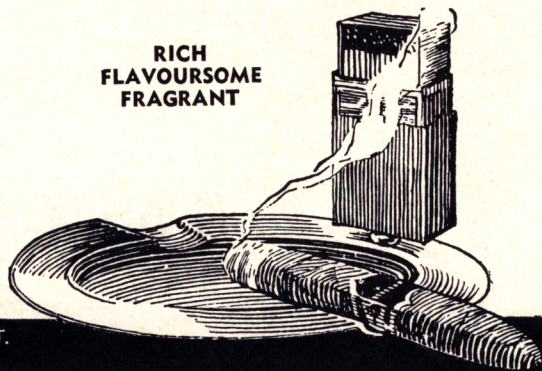
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# Impresssions of a Tour Abroad

By S. E. Chatterton.

When you raised your glasses in a bon voyage toast to me ere I set off overseas on holiday, the word "war" had become more or less of a faint echo of a spent crisis, and we all were planning for piping peace. Yet I was in Danzig, of all places, little more than a week before Hitler struck. I happened along there in the course of a tour of what in England is called "the Northern Capitals"—principal cities of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Poland and on to Danzig.

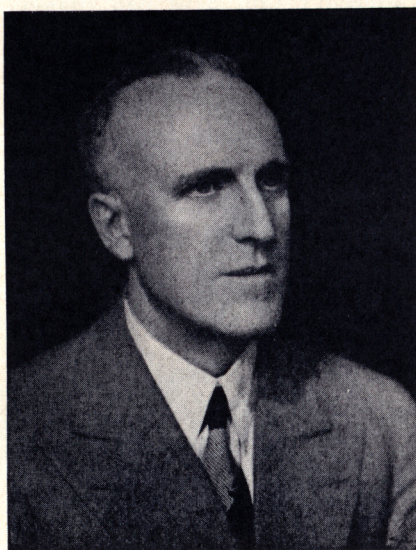
The getting out was tensely exciting, because the inevitability, if not the immediacy, of war was evident everywhere. In Danzig itself the Nazis had commenced to commandeer transport, to string up bunting and generally to throw their weight about. Once in the Kiel Canal, German officers boarded the British liners and ran up the Nazi flag. This was within their rights as a German pilot took over the navigation of the steamer. But the Nazis did more than that—they confiscated all photographs and motion-picture film.

Or, rather, nearly all. Before those busybodies had come aboard I had retired to the stern of the vessel and commenced to take movies to my heart's delight. It was news to me to hear of the Nazi raid when I returned to the saloon. So here I am, back in Australia, with motion pictures of the Canal vessels, Nazis an' everything.

Our next port of call was to have been Hamburg, but our captain, meantime, had received orders to beat it for England, home and beauty. No sooner had he tied up the good ship than she was commandeered by the British Government. Next week war broke out. Parliament had been summoned for noon on a Sunday to make the declaration; actually, Cabinet took that responsibility at 11.15 a.m. An air-raid alarm followed immediately and we were awakened again at 2.45 a.m. next day.

The "September crisis" in the previous year, had prepared the

British people for war—I mean, much as their hearts were set on peace, their minds accepted the other thing as being always possible. And Britain was prepared this time. With that knowledge the people accepted the inevitable calmly, confidently, even grimly. Hitler



Mr. S. E. Chatterton

will never conquer those people in a war of nerves. Their spirit is magnificent.

Out here we read a good deal about the English muddling through. My experience on the spot was to the contrary. The evacuation of the children was a masterpiece of organisation. The balloon barrage is a modern day miracle. Each balloon is like a small dirigible, about as high as the ceiling of our club room and as broad. Each is hitched to a lorry. These balloons are pulled down during the day. By night they float upward 24,000 feet.

A Nazi raiding force would have to contend with first, the British fighters; second, the balloon barrage; third, the anti-aircraft guns and defences. The odds very definitely favour the defenders. Attacking bombers, heavily laden, would be slow compared with the defending fighter 'planes, manned by desperately brave pilots; bombers that

got through would be wrecked by collisions with the cables tethering the balloons, or would be smashed by the land defences.

A point to remember is that attacking bombers must fly dangerously low to aim other than haphazardly at objects. Thus, you might almost write your own ticket on the defenders. No wonder Hitler holds his hand.

I had gone to America on leaving Sydney, crossed to Britain and toured generally, including Ireland—a lovely land for a holiday—before setting off for Europe. After war was declared I secured a passage to America on a British steamer. It wasn't crowded. Vessels of non-belligerent countries were rushed. We steamed a zig-zag course, changing direction every 8½ mins. during the day, and blacked-out all lights at night.

In the U.S.A. I heard a Senate debate on the Neutrality Bill at Washington. America's decision to lift the arms embargo reflected the sentiment of the great majority of Americans. They do not want to become embroiled in the turmoil of Europe, but they do want the Allies to win and I carried away the impression they are prepared to do almost anything to aid towards that end short of going to war. The tour of our King and Queen was a triumph, nothing less. The impression left by their Majesties was deep and abiding.

I believe that America will regain a level of prosperity, but that labour troubles will constitute her major problem for some time. But that's a long story. Transcending that issue will be the job of preparing for the peace after the war. Much is uncertain at present, but one thing is certain—although, eventually, the Allies will win, economically, the world will never be the same again.

However, I do not wish to engender disturbing thoughts on that score. Suffice to say that I am happy to be back meeting old friends, and here I acknowledge your greetings.



# Tattersall's Club Proceeds to Carry On

## Class Horses for Bigger Prizes

War or no war racing must go on where there are British people, and Tattersall's Club will maintain the tradition at its meeting at the New Year.

Confidence in the present and in the future is reflected by the club's committee increasing prize-money to £7000 for its two days on December 30 and January 1.

Sydney folk may not be so keenly racing-minded as their prototypes in Melbourne where experience showed at the Cup meetings that there was as much or more interest in this racing game as in times of peace.

However, class will tell and attract at Randwick at the Club's meeting.

The Club has a lengthy and honourable tradition to maintain, for its Cup history extends further than those of the Epsom Handicap and Doncaster Handicap and will be decided for the 72nd time on New Year's Day. Its prize of £1500 as against £1000 last year is an object lesson and will be appreciated by those who have advocated sturdily that the well-being and progress of racing hinges to a considerable degree on adequate prize-money.

Incidentally it is worth noting that when eighty years ago Tattersall's Club provided its first race on an Australian Jockey Club programme the money involved was £150. During the eighty years Tattersall's Club has maintained its cordial relations with the principal club, played its part in the general racing scheme, and provided a standard of entertainment well up to the requirements of Randwick.

This year's entries for the Carrington Stakes and Cup suggest that the quality will be superior to any of recent years, due partly, no doubt, to the larger number of good horses being retained in full

training this year and also in recognition of the financial inducement offered by Tattersall's Club.

Both the Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Cup have had changes in character and in distance, but



*Early Bird.*

they have one common feature, they have been won by some of the best horses in Australia.

Even in the first Tattersall's Club Cup decided, Archer, who was to win the first and second Melbourne Cups, was one of the also ran division. He retains the honour of being the only horse to win two successive Melbourne Cups. Poitrel, in 1918, combined the two Cups, winning Tattersall's Cup with 7.11, but

had climbed to fame by the following November when he won the Melbourne Cup with 10 stone.

In more recent years, apart from this one, it has been the fashion to have the very best horses on vacation during the midsummer but some very useful horses have won. This year there will be a touch of real class, with High Caste, Respirator, Buzalong and Yours Truly among the entrants, Yours Truly being a unique nomination for at the beginning of November he won the New Zealand Cup, which to Dominion racegoers is the equivalent of the Melbourne Cup.

For many years after its inception the Cup was a two mile event but as time marched on, and fashions changed, the distance was reduced until it reached a mile and a half, a distance at which it has stayed for many years.

Actually, the Carrington Stakes has a more interesting record and has been won by horses whose names have been high in the racing firmament.

In passing it might be mentioned that in its earlier days the Carrington Stakes was an eleven furlong race but the pioneers realised that a shorter distance was more suitable for the first leg of Tattersall's double, so the distance became 6 furlongs in 1888 and so it has stayed. This quick capitulation was remarkable, for longer distances, even then, were the vogue, although the tendency was becoming more evident to cater for the speedster.

Possibly some of the success of the Carrington Stakes has been due to its suitability as a trial for the big sprint event of Australia, the Newmarket Handicap at Flemington. Owners and trainers by New Year's Day are beginning to formulate plans for a descent on Melbourne. The Carrington Stakes



proved the forerunner to Newmarket Handicap success for Greenline and Pendant, and Valicare varied the plan by taking the Doncaster Handicap subsequently, a race for which she was a sensational favourite and clear-cut winner.

Greenline was a Carrington Stakes specialist, for he won in 1928 with 9.13 and in 1931 with 10.5. In 1929 he slipped back a trifle finishing only third with the steadier of 10.6.

Advocates of the standard of old-time horses will find it difficult to prove their argument from a time standard, for to win this class three-quarters of a mile any horse now has to be able to record something better than 1.12 under normal conditions.

Delmestor and Early Bird, who finished first and second in last year's Carrington Stakes are eligible again. Both have progressed since, particularly Early Bird, who is regarded as one of the best mares in training. Now trained by Mr. Mick Polson for Mr. Walter Devon, she is a picture of health and may console her owner and trainer for being compelled to pass by the major races of the Spring. Nothing ailed Early Bird, but simply she did not strike form in the Spring and it was decided to be patient, a policy which may bring its reward at Randwick on December 30.

Probably most interesting entrant is the Irish bred Vergure, already claimed by enthusiastic admirers as the next Newmarket Handicap winner. If he is as good as that, he should take the Carrington Stakes in his stride. Without a doubt he is an exceptionally smart horse, proved by his record in Australia of four wins in five starts, but if the entry is any criterion he will have some sturdy trying-tackle in the Carrington Stakes.

Mr. George Price has been the most prolific supporter of the race with three entrants—Mildura, Denis and Glorious.

Mildura has returned from Melbourne where he raced over longer distances than six furlongs but did not lack dash in any one event.

Te Hero is one of the problem horses of the race and has exercised the patience of his trainer Mr. Dan Lewis. Many would have given up before this but his trainer knows that he has a horse speedy enough to win a Carrington Stakes if he could be persuaded to leave the barrier.

Brazandt is the essence of speed, capable of leading any field, and proved up to weight.

Esperanto is an interesting entrant. He is back again with Mr.

two of the most notable horses of the Spring.

High Caste, if started in Tattersall's Cup, will be a novelty, a Derby colt and weight-for-age winner at Randwick and Flemington in the Spring, still on deck for the midsummer. This is due to his outstanding physique, and as he has won at a mile and a half, the Cup distance will not trouble him.

Like his stablemate, Respirator, High Caste won his first race of his spring campaign, the Hobartville Stakes, at Warwick Farm, and his last, the C. B. Fisher Plate at Flemington. In between times he won the Rosehill and Caulfield Guineas, Craven Plate, Caulfield Stakes, and dead-heated with the flying Manrico in the Linlithgow Stakes. He had to play second fiddle to Reading in the Derbys, but whether he is Reading's inferior is not accepted even yet as a fact.

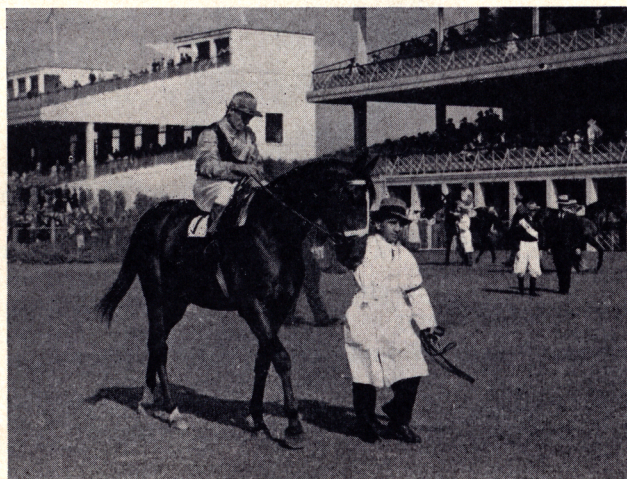
Respirator also won at Warwick Farm last August and ended his spring campaign with a success at Flemington, but in between times did not achieve as much success as his younger stable companion. He was voted just as unlucky as Maikai in both the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, and as Maikai followed up with successes at Williamstown and Caulfield, Respirator may have his turn at Randwick.

Round Up and Malagigi, who are supported from the High Caste stable, are New Zealand bred geldings, Malagigi being a proved performer in Australia, although he did not strike form this spring. Now he has brightened up to a condition approaching that which enabled him to race with distinction last autumn.

Round Up is a plain fellow with fair form in his homeland but as yet an unknown quantity on this side of the Tasman.

Class and Spring highlights are not confined to High Caste and

(Continued on Page 12.)



High Caste

J. T. Jamieson after a sojourn in New Zealand; his two-year-old career last season having been cut short by development of respiratory trouble, an unusual complaint in a juvenile racehorse. This disability now seems to have been minimised at least and perhaps he will carry Mrs. J. C. Bancks's colours as creditably as he did at the beginning of last season.

Hamurah, Speardale and Trimmer are three proved and tested Randwick horses who will add tone to any field.

With High Caste, Respirator, Round Up and Malagigi, Mr. J. T. Jamieson has the biggest and most interesting contribution to the Cup entry. Neither High Caste nor Respirator require any introduction as



## Tattersall's Club Proceeds to Carry On (Continued from Page 11.)

Respirator for Geebung and Yours Truly claim attention. Geebung, who can represent Mr. Frank McGrath's establishment, was an extraordinary Spring performer, for after winning at seven furlongs at Rosehill and at a mile at Randwick, he failed in the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. Usually the great race of the year takes the edge off any horse but Geebung is toughness itself, for at Flemington he finished all over a smart Final Handicap field at a mile and a quarter, showing that experts can be wrong and you can't keep a good horse down.

Yours Truly is New Zealand's latest contribution to Sydney racing and the winner of the biggest Cup race in the Dominion. As he scored at two miles, the mile and a half of Tattersall's Club Cup will hold no terrors.

Mr. Bailey Payten has contributed a trio to the Cup entry in Own Folk, Anpapejo and John Peel, the former sons of The Buzzard and John Peel's greatest asset to date, although he has only recently won his first race, being his close relationship to Ammon Ra.

Own Folk did not survive the spring campaign in Sydney owing to a mishap, but all is well again, and Anpapejo survived, and even thrived on his Melbourne campaign.

Young Crusader has developed into a standing order for long distance handicaps at Randwick, while Mr. J. A. Scully has hopes that Old

Rowley will rediscover that purple patch of form which enabled him to become a dual weight-for-age winner at headquarters.

Buzalong, winner of one Caulfield Cup, goes on from season to season, and may add the Club's Cup



*Anpapejo.*

to his list although he does not seem to stay as well these days.

Last but not least of the Cup horses to be mentioned is Santa, perhaps too late for a New Year Gathering, but possibly a New Year's gift. Experts consider that this three-year-old is one with great possibilities and a likely winner of first-class handicaps.

Tattersall's Cups have been the stepping stone to greater things for Poseiden and Archer. Will this year's race provide Santa with his first big opportunity?

## PORTERHOUSE STEAK

The perennial debate over the origin of porterhouse steak is again in the open in the festive season, and it begins to look as if the question would never be definitely settled. One of the latest claims is that this steak derived its name from a small hotel in the U.S.A. called the Porter House, and there have been various other inns of that name for which the honour has been claimed.

If the word could be accurately traced to the point of determining whether the original sponsor was designated by capitals of lower case letters it would simplify the business of research. Our almost infallible friend, the Encyclopaedia, states that the steak was so-called because it was first made popular by a New York porter house; porter houses in the old days being places of refreshment where porter and other malt beverages were dispensed. Apparently there were numerous capitalized Porter Houses scattered through the country, most of them named for one or another member of the Porter family, many of which seem to have engaged in the tavern business.

Undoubtedly it is far too late in the day to learn the truth of the matter, whether the porterhouse started in a Porter House or a porter house now seems of slight moment. The steak is with us, when we can afford it, a highly appreciated institution and we need not be too much concerned over the question of its genesis.

### SALE of BLOODSTOCK

will be held at

**NEWMARKET STABLES, RANDWICK,  
TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1940**

(following the conclusion of Tattersall's Club  
New Year's Meeting)

Owners who have Racehorses or other Thoroughbred Stock to offer at this Sale are invited to forward particulars at their earliest convenience.

**WILLIAM INGLIS & SON Pty. Ltd.**

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# "Backs to the Wall"

*To/All ranks of the British Forces in France*

*Three weeks ago today the enemy began his large attacks against us on a 50 mile front. His objects are to separate from the French, to take the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.*

*Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the Freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment. ~~Remember that the British Empire is at stake.~~*

*Thursday  
11 April 1918*

*Lt Haig. J. G.*

*The above is a photographic duplication of Lord Haig's famous "Backs to the Wall" order of 1918. The original was acquired by the late Sir Phillip Sassoon, who bequeathed it to the British Museum.*

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FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars are grown, blended and manufactured in Havana. They are recognised by connoisseurs throughout the world, as the most perfect cigar, their quality never varying.

THE FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigar is produced in eight shapes, the craftsmanship and quality of each being perfection itself. FLOR DE A. ALLONES are Imported direct from Havana, by TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

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# Billiards and Snooker

## Explaining the Value of Cue-Ball Control

It is quite remarkable how snooker has become far and away the most popular game in any billiard room.

Maybe it is because more than two can play, and is, therefore, more in keeping with the true club spirit. Pity, though that the three-ball game should be neglected by those who desire to improve their cueing ability.

If you want to be a champion at snooker you must first attain proficiency at billiards.

That is no idle statement. It has been proven over and over again.

There are many really good snooker players who are in the novice class at billiards; but, it is never the other way about—a good billiardist will always play a good game of snooker.

There is a reason, of course. It lies in one's ability to control the cue ball. In billiards, even with the veriest amateur, that is absolutely essential, whereas, in snooker, generally speaking, there are so many optional strokes that precise positional play is of, comparatively, little concern.

Our club is fortunate in that we possess a group of snooker players gifted far above the ordinary. They all learned at billiards. They have learned how to strike the cue ball without the application of side. Just how important that "little" thing is cannot be stressed too strongly. It is the Alpha and Omega of success on the green cloth.

World's champion Walter Lindrum has, time out of number, shown members how he practised to attain his present state of remarkable efficiency. He used only the cue ball and removed all others from the table.

His objective was to place the ball in the D and fire it up the table so straight that it would return over the spot from which it was first struck.

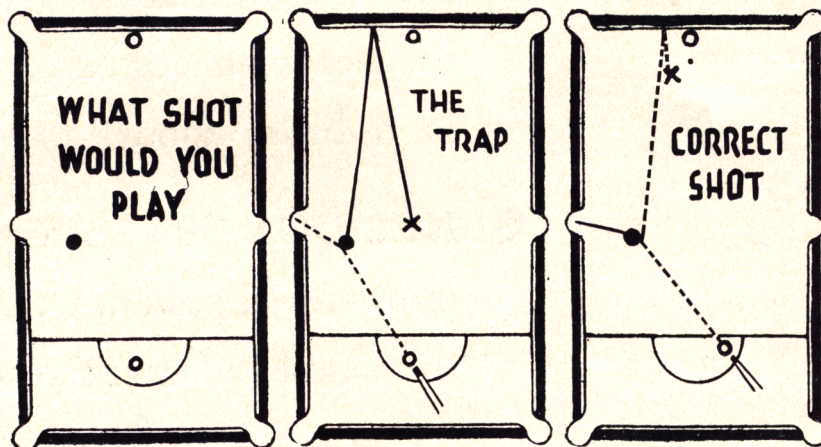
When world's snooker champion, Englishman Joe Davis, was staying at our club a couple of years back, he practised on almost identical lines. Joe added just a spice of amusement into it.

He would strike the cue-ball in the same manner as Lindrum but immediately on contact would drop his head and wait for the ball to return to his cue-tip. If the ball failed to collide with the cue on the return journey, Davis maintained he had made a bad shot—that he was

be snooker champion to check up on his stroking.

In the first picture on the left the balls are shown in position and the question asked is: "What shot would you play?"

It would surprise if ninety per cent. of replies were not "in off red." But that, says Lindrum, is entirely wrong. He demonstrates why by showing the probable disastrous leave as shown in the centre diagram. The red has gone into the centre of the table and the next



not striking truly. He went further and stated in open company that whenever he missed a pot shot he reckoned it was because of faulty cueing not always aim.

When, as very infrequently happened, the ball struck by Davis did miss the objective on the return trip it would continue on until his head barred the way, when, with a smile, Joe would say "I thoroughly deserved it!"

That, of course, was by way of demonstrating the necessity of being able to strike the cue-ball dead centre.

### Practice Shot Explained.

Reproduced on this page is a useful billiards stroke designed by Walter Lindrum, and, if played correctly, will greatly assist any would-

shot will probably result in both object balls kissing.

Lindrum shows the right shot in the last picture—pot the red slowly and run the cue-ball up to the top cushion and back just so far to make ideal top-of-the-table position when the red is re-spotted.

That is another way of demonstrating or practising, cue control.

If you can successfully negotiate the problem you can rely on being able to pot a ball at snooker and obtain similar position on a colour. If, on the other hand, you cannot, it will mean "play by guess" for some time to come.

Try it. You will achieve two benefits; better control at billiards and a definite step upwards in the snooker sphere.



# *For Better Health*

## **HELIDON SPA**

- \* A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs . . . . . rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- \* HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

**HELIDON SPA**  
*For Better Health*



# Pool Splashes

## Payne Starts Well—Takes First Point Score

They're at it again, those speedsters of the Swimming Pool!

Racing started late in October, and there is every indication of a record season judging from the large fields that have lined up in every race.

Not knowing how members felt about carrying on the races with things as they are, the Swimming Club Secretary sounded out the boys, to be met in every case with the "Carry On As Usual" motto and so there you are, a bumper season promised.

Swim in the Pool and forget your worries.

To those who perhaps do not know it let us tell that the Swimming Club races heats every Thursdays and finals every Tuesday at 1.15 p.m. sharp.

Already new members in Messrs. A. R. Payne and G. McGilvray have made their presence felt, the former taking out two races last month and also landing the first point score of the season.

Incidentally he has given the han-

dicapper a headache by improving from 35 to 28 secs. for the 40 yds.

Others who have improved out of sight are R. J. Withycombe, 27 to 25; B. Partridge, 24 to 22, J. Buckle, 25 to 23 and N. P. Murphy, 27 to 25.

We welcome back to Australia Vic. Richards after his joyride to England with the Rugby Union team. No one regrets more than Vic. that the trip was a joyride, for the team expected some great football and it was just bad luck that it did not come off.

He had some sight of how England fares in war time, and he has his movie films ("if they come out," says Vic.) to keep a permanent record of the trip and that's something.

Another recent arrival back in Sydney is champion swimmer Bill Kendall.

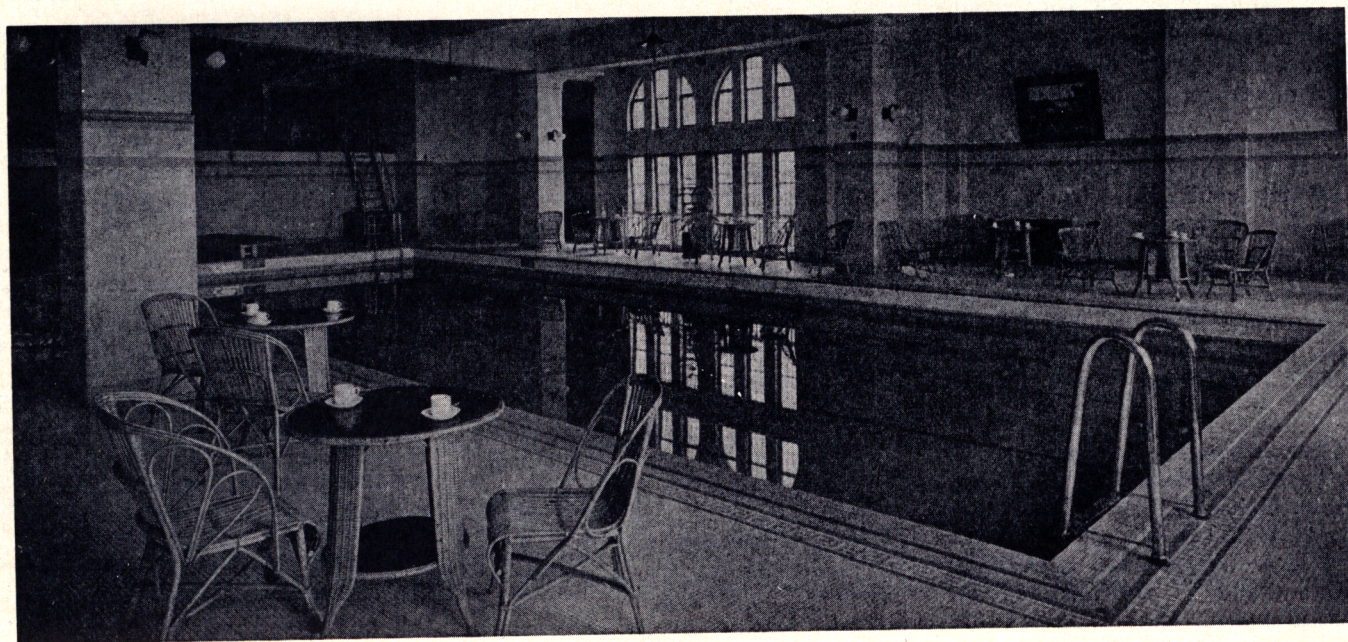
What an acquisition he will be to the Swimming Club, both by reason of his swimming and by the vast store of knowledge of the game he has garnered in America and England.

The pity of it is that at present Bill is not able to get into the Club at lunch time when the races are held, but it is to be hoped that we will see him now and then, even though some of our swimmers may catch pneumonia from the breeze as he passes them by.

If we could only get all our speedsters together at once Tattersall's would have a team that would take beating by all comers. Some of them might not be so good these days over a bit of distance but they can all cut a merry dash over a couple of laps.

Our old champion, Hans Robertson, is reported to be getting ready to show that he can still move along; Bruce Hodgson has been held up from the races by pressure of business, but with those two and Bill Kendall, Bob Nicholl and Vic. Richards, Tattersall's would have a team capable of averaging 19 secs. or better for each 40 yds. and that would take beating.

(Continued on Page 18.)



The Club Swimming Pool



# POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 17.)

One of the things that impressed Bill Kendall during his sojourn in U.S.A. was the wonderful impetus given to swimming by the indoor meets in pools such as Tattersall's.

We can well imagine the popularity of regular meets here between club teams in their own pools, but there's the pity of it. Tattersalls alone has the Pool for such sporting highlights.

Several times during the past few years there has been talk of similar pools being constructed but so far they have not progressed beyond the verbal stage.

The annual Christmas Scramble of the Swimming Club will take place on Thursday, December 21st, when the usual list of events for trophies of Christmas cheer will be conducted. Don't forget the date and be sure to be on deck.

## Race Results.

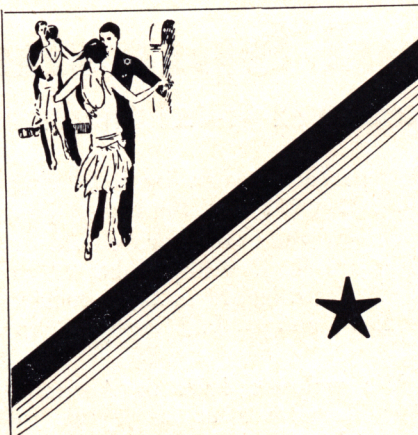
October 26th: 40 yds. Handicap: A. R. Payne (35) 1, N. P. Murphy (28) 2, W. S. Edwards (23) 3. Time 29 4/5 secs.

November 2nd: 40 yds. Handicap: R. J. Withycombe (27) 1, W. S. Edwards (23) 2, G. Goldie (33) 3. Time 26 secs.

November 9th: 80 yds. Brace Relay Handicap: B. Partridge and R. J. Withycombe (50) 1, A. R. Payne and V. Richards (51) 2, C. Godhard and J. Dexter (48) 3. Time 47 3/5 secs.

November 16th: 40 yds. Handicap: B. Partridge (24) 1, J. Buckle (25) 2, A. R. Payne (30) 3. Time 22 secs.

October-November Point Score: A. R. Payne 27 points, 1; B. Partridge, 20, 2; G. Goldie, 19, 3; J. Dexter, 17, 4; W. S. Edwards, C. Godhard and R. J. Withycombe, 16; G. McGilvray and V. Richards, 14; J. Buckle and C. D. Tarrant, 13; N. P. Murphy, 11; T. H. English, 10.



## New Year's Eve

# DANCE

Saturday  
30th December  
1939

Single Tickets  
**15/- each**  
including Supper

Applications for reservations are now being received and members are advised to book early.



## GOLF CLUB NOTES

The Manly outing of the Golf Club was held on the 16th November last, when the attendance was very satisfactory.

Keeness was the keynote of proceedings by reason of the fact that this was the termination of the first series for the W. M. Gollan Cup.

The winner for the season was Mr. W. A. McDonald, who scored 10 points, whilst the runner-up was Mr. R. C. Cathels with 8 1/2 points.

Players throughout the year showed great enthusiasm and greatly heartened the executives, who wish them all the Compliments of the Season.

Appended are the results of the Manly outing:

### A Grade Trophy.

Winners: E. S. Pratt and J. S. Blau, 5 up.

Runners-up: I. Burt and W. A. McDonald, 5 up.

Play will be resumed again after the festive season, when members will be notified well in advance of the dates selected for the year.



## Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service

# The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 43.



(Photos. by Govt. Printer)

Kissing Point in the Twenties.

## RYDE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

ALTHOUGH it is a matter of controversy as to whether the first oranges grown in Australia by the Rev. Richard Johnson were grown in the Ryde district or at some point south of the Parramatta River, the fact is undisputed that Kissing Point (as the Ryde district was known during the early years of colonization) was the first established fruit-growing district in New South Wales, and played a very important part in the early development of this State. Nor is the point disputed that the Rev. Richard Johnson (whose portrait appears in the oval below) was the first man successful in the cultivation of citrus fruit.

THE first supplies of fruit trees and seeds were brought out on the ships of the First Fleet, and it is supposed that a number of these trees were planted—apparently with little success—in the vicinity of what is now Macquarie Place. The Rev. R. Johnson took the opportunity of securing at Rio, on the outward voyage, a quantity of orange seeds, and upon arrival here he lost no time in planting these. It is said that two orange trees which grew upon his property in Bridge-street (approximately on the present site of the Lands Office) were for many years a familiar sight to Sydney residents. In his "Memoirs," Joseph Holt wrote of the Rev. R. Johnson that he was "the first clergyman; and by his prudence and economy made a large fortune. He first raised and cultivated the orange trees in the colony. He sowed those seeds which he had brought with him from Rio, and in a few years produced very fine fruit, which he sold at sixpence and ninepence each."

KISSING POINT and Parramatta were two of the first districts to be settled after the establishment of the first settlement at Sydney Cove. Kissing Point soon was known as the "Eastern Farm," and, in addition to the cultivation of wheat, vegetables, etc., the growing of fruit soon received a great amount of the attention of the early farmers in that area. As well as citrus fruits, the peach, pear, and apple grew readily in the fertile soil of Kissing Point, and this district soon became Sydney's principal source of supply for fruit and vegetables. The first nurseryman to establish himself in New South Wales had his nursery at Kissing Point, and his advertisements were familiar in the early issues of the "Sydney Gazette," a typical example of which read: "For sale, by William Furber, at Kissing Point, any number of excellent fruit trees, namely, Newington and

Bengal peaches, two years old, at 5s each; the real cider peach, same age, 1s each; and seedling trees only 3d each—all warranted sound and healthy." Another extract from an early "Gazette" emphasises the fact that Kissing Point was Sydney's main source of supply for market products: "Sydney Wharf. On Saturday morning last, between eight and nine o'clock, four boats came in from Kissing Point with fruit, vegetables, potatoes, and poultry."

IN the early years of cultivation the extraordinary fertility of the virgin soil resulted in the growth of orange trees of phenomena size. It was by no means uncommon to find trees growing to a height of thirty to forty feet, and yielding up to fifty cases of choice oranges per tree. It is also of interest to note in passing that James Squires, who received a grant at Kissing Point, was the first man in Australia to cultivate hops, and the first to establish a brewery.

IN 1924 Mr. H. J. Rumsey contributed an article to "The Farmer and Settler," telling the story of the origin of the Granny Smith apple at Ryde. "I have recently interviewed Mr. E. H. Small," he wrote, "a retired fruitgrower, and now living at Burwood, and Mr. Harry Johnston, of Dundas, both of whom remember the original Granny Smith after whom the 'Granny apple' was named. Though no actual dates are available, the memories of these two well-known fruitgrowers coincide to a remarkable degree on the facts as I am here relating them."

"GRANNY" was the wife of Mr. Thomas Smith of that part of Ryde now known as Eastwood. Mr. Smith had an orchard fronting the Great Northern Road, down by the creek. One morning, in the year 1868, Mrs. Smith asked the late Mr. E. H. Small to look at a seedling apple that was growing down by the creek, and to express an opinion about it. The tree had a few very fine specimens of apple on it. Mr. Small, senior, asked 'Granny' how the apple came there, and she replied that she had brought some gin cases back from the Sydney Markets, which had contained the remains of some Tasmanian apples in them; these were rotting, and she tipped them out down the creek. 'Granny' Smith proved a saleable cooking apple, but its value for dessert was not known until some fruit agents began storing a few cases away, and found that they kept better than any other varieties."





## THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from page 5.)

even had I known he was in the big metropolis.

That's my story briefly, I hope it provides a little interest to reader members; but, mainly, I trust it serves a further purpose in emphasizing the importance of being an Australian. We're a fortunate lot!"

\* \* \*

While the Sydney newspapers were featuring stories about horses being pulled, the late Sir Colin Stephen said, on a public occasion: "My experience has been that most horses require more pushing than pulling." For that priceless piece of wisdom he might have spoken in his capacity as turf administrator, owner or punter—any or all. Yet the stories persist. However, the laugh persists whenever one is told and the itch to tell one isn't confined to punters. Reminiscences of Fred Williams in the "Sunday Sun" include this highlight of his days as a rider:

One day at Fitzroy I was riding in a nine furlong race. One of the riders as we passed the stand the first time, asked me to keep my eyes open for a coloured umbrella, which, if open, was to be the "office" for him to pull his mount. When I told him that I had not seen anything, he said, "Good-bye" and went sailing on to victory.

I always rate this as one of the best: Before a race, a trainer told his jockey that he didn't like the weight or the odds, and to bring the horse in no better than fifth. The jockey brought the horse in fifth. "Could you have beaten those four ahead of you?" asked the man who had given the instructions. "Yes, but I'm not so sure about those that finished behind," answered the jockey.

\* \* \*

### AFTER THE RACE.

*A cheer and a grin,  
He had him to win.*

*A smile on her face,  
She had him to place.*

*A look of regret,  
'Cause he didn't bet.*

*A sigh of remorse,  
He picked the wrong horse.*

## Christmas Dictionary

**Yule:** Christmas and the festivities connected therewith; hence Yuletide, the complete Christmas season, before and after shopping and up to New Year's, and also Yule-log, ceremonial fuel for the Christmas hearth. This word runs back through Old English, geol, geohol, to the Old Norse, jol, heathen feasting period of twelve days which became the Christmas season. Yule is still in popular use in Scots and North English dialect; in correct English it has been a literary archaism since 1850, chiefly used by sentimental authors and Christmas card manufacturers.

**Noel:** A word for Christmas that passed into English in various spellings from the Norman-French. It has dropped out of the spoken language except when fond parents want to give male babies born on Christmas Day a fancy name. Its current usage may be regarded as a Frenchified affectation. The Oxford dictionary defines it "a word shouted or sung as an expression of joy, originally to commemorate the birth of Christ."

One must be an adept in the philology of the Romance languages to understand why it refers to Christmas and how it got that way. In various racial forms, such as nadal, nadan, nadau, natal, natale, it is traced back to the Latin for Natal Day. Boys named Noel sometimes turn out to be playwrights; for example, Noel Coward. If the French people have a Santa Claus (a matter open to doubt) they call him Pere Noel or Le Petit Noel.

If you have a girl child born on Christmas Day, please do not name her Noella, although it has been done. Natalia and Natalie, which have the same meaning, will be less of a burden to the helpless infant.

**Santa Claus:** An important figure in the mythology of the North European races. They pretend that they do not believe in him, but persuade their children that he exists and will reward them for good behaviour on December 25, a date when, in spite of their professed scepticism, they worship him with picturesque and costly rites. Merchants in particular are devotees of

his cult. He is depicted as a ruddy, kindly old man, wearing an early Dutch costume and carrying a large sack from which he secretly distributes gifts. His association with the religious observances of Christmas is remote, but may be traced in the following articles.

**Kriss Kringle:** Another name under which Santa Claus is worshipped, of Dutch origin. It is much used in the United States because the inhabitants of New Amsterdam, later New York, popularized it among the settlers of other racial backgrounds. The name is a corruption of "Criss kingel" and the German equivalent, "Christ kindel" or "kindlein," i.e., the little Christ child.

**Saint Nicholas:** A bishop in Asia Minor in the fourth century. "Santa Claus" is a Dutch corruption of his name. He is a patron saint of children and schoolboys. In the Netherlands and elsewhere his feast (Dec. 6) was regarded as a children's holiday and the gifts that marked the occasion were supposed to come from him. This custom was transferred, with his influence, to the following Christmas season, hence his inaccurate association with the festival of Christ's birthday. Early in the history of his cult the three balls, now the emblem of pawnbrokers, were occasionally used in his insignia.

### MR. PEPYS PREPARES HIMSELF —December 24

On this day I did complete my preparations for Christmas with many bright and pretty things to be given to members of my household on the eve of Yule, and Lord, but they have cost me a month of money and time, too, in struggling through the crowded shops and bumping against fat old ladies who seemed to be in a daze. Now I shall buy a fat goose for the Christmas dinner, and bottles for the wassail bowl and reward myself with a great feast and quaffing of punch, for I plan to spend the day according to the country custom, in my lodgings, with merriment and good cheer, and a book of meditations to read at bedtime.



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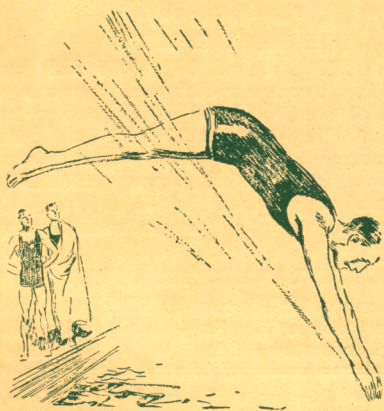
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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

### ANNUAL RACE MEETING

**Saturday, Dec. 30 || Monday, Jan. 1**

1939

1940

### PROGRAMME

#### FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1939.

##### THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-. About One Mile and Three-quarters.

##### THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Five Furlongs.

##### THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap of £1,300; second £200, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1939, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £12. Six Furlongs.

(Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 20th.)

##### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race or races (Maiden Race excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

##### THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile.

##### THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile and a Quarter.

#### SECOND DAY : MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1940.

##### THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Seven Furlongs.

##### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Seven Furlongs.

##### THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Five and a Half Furlongs.

##### TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap of £1,500; second £250, third £125 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup, or The Carrington Stakes, 1939, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £14.

One Mile and a Half.

(Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 20th.)

##### THE TRIAL STAKES.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For three-year-olds and upwards which, at time of starting, have never won a race or races on the flat (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £100. Apprentice riders only; allowances as provided by Rule 109. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

##### THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile.

Nominations for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 18th DECEMBER, 1939; and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Penalties.—In all flat races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after declaration of weights, viz:—When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—

For First Day, at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 27th December; and for Second Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1939.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1939, and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1939.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances; and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.